

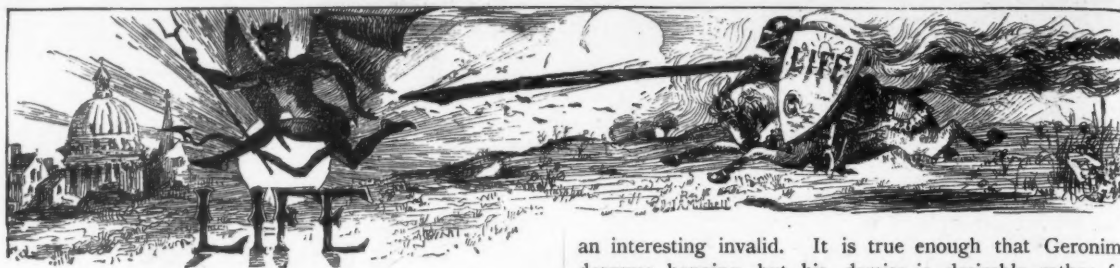
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Albert E. Starner
86

TWO OF A KIND.

He: YOU ARE THE ONLY COLLEGE GIRL I EVER LIKED.
She: WHY, HOW SO?
He: OH, THE OTHERS ALL KNOW SO MUCH.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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IF it be considered, as seems reasonable enough, that the mission of Envoy Sedgwick was to set the American mind at rest about Editor Cutting, it must be granted that the envoy's efforts have been crowned with overwhelming success. The American mind has ceased to take heed at all of Cutting in its keen anxiety to know the truth about Sedgwick. It has been demonstrated in Cutting's case that such narratives of Mexican happenings as find their way north by the ordinary news channels are quite unreliable, and that a special agent is a necessity for discovering the truth. Every kind of rumor has been let loose about Sedgwick, and the need of special personal investigation is manifest; and yet Mr. Bayard will scarcely venture to send another messenger. Sedgwick is too busy with Cutting's case to give the necessary attention to his own, but Cutting has little to do, and knows the people and the language. It suggests itself that he is the proper person to look into the allegations concerning Mr. Sedgwick, and to determine in how far forth they are supported by underlying facts. Sedgwick's report upon Cutting, supplemented by Cutting's report upon Sedgwick, would let the light into the whole wretched international tangle and give the State Department all the information necessary to its intelligent action.

IT is probable that the prize liar of the Southwest has turned loose upon Sedgwick the energies which have so long been employed in the capture of Geronimo. It seems to be absolutely ascertained that that doughty chief has at last been really taken, and is actually out of harm's way. The greatness of his crimes has combined with his adroitness and endurance to make him universally respected, and it is cause for general congratulation that he has given in at last. While the final disposition of the captive is still in doubt, there is a rumor that he did not surrender until assured that his life would be spared, which makes it appear probable that he will join his braves this winter in Florida, and assume the rôle of

an interesting invalid. It is true enough that Geronimo deserves hanging, but his demise is desirable rather for reasons of public safety than to accomplish the ends of justice. So far as concerns that consideration, the ethics of a Chihuahua Indian are so distorted that his death does not satisfy justice much more than that of a bad elephant. What is desirable in either case is to put the brute out of the way of doing damage.

THE sympathies of the great public, which are always ready to respond to the call of genuine distress, have been justly stirred by the misfortune of the city of Charleston. It is a new experience for an Atlantic city in America to find its foundations getting out from under it, but our countrymen in South Carolina have found little comfort in the novelty of their case. They need help, and help in such a case means money. Subscriptions for their benefit have been opened in all the great cities with comfortable results, which are still accumulating. Charleston's case is a very hard one, and LIFE is confident that the aid which is offered her will be proportionate to her necessities. Her relief should not be left to the rich alone. One dollar given by a poor man can express as much sympathy as a hundred sent by his rich brother.

THE lawn tennis industry is in the thick of its annual succession of tournaments. The Newport contest really settled the championship for this year, but there are plenty of local players East and West who continue to try conclusions with racket and ball. It is sometimes a surprise to LIFE to notice the willingness with which active young men compete for the honors of the lawn. The game is a good one, and provides for exercise and fresh air, but to be notoriously skillful at it, seems, on some accounts, scarcely more desirable for a private citizen than a reputation for surpassing adroitness at billiards or the renown that follows a superlatively agile dancer. To pull a university oar, or wield a university bat, is a distinction that is evanescent enough, and yet these diversions seem to us—heresy though it be to confess it—sources of more substantial fame than tennis-playing. Still we are told that whatever we do we should do it with all our might. A great many men play tennis, and it is proper that they should play as well as they can. That they should wish to know who does it best is simply human nature, and tournaments are the result. They answer a good purpose, and LIFE would not have one less of them, and yet they seem to be the exposition of a somewhat trivial form of sport. However convenient and pleasant it may be as personal exercise, tennis as an exhibition can never share the popularity of our own base-ball.

THE MODERN LOVER.

(BY A PROSPECTIVE MOTHER-IN-LAW.)



MY little maids, would you be wed?
 And gaily Hymen's measure tread?
 Base not your hope on Love divine,
 Love is a dream of auld lang syne,
 And milk-white arms, and cheeks like roses,
 Old-fashioned as the farm-yard posies.
 Nor seek to bear the prize away
 At "College," on Commencement Day.
 Beauty and wit are charming things,
 But still weigh light with wedding rings.
 From early morn, my little maids,
 Till night has drawn her purple shades,
 Urge on papa with artless guile,
 To spare no labor, pains or wile;
 To cheat the rich and grind the poor,
 To lavish every cunning lure,
 Till Fortune stays her flying wheel,

And stamps him with her golden seal.
 "Where honey is, there swarm the bees."
 My little maids, now take your ease.
 What matter though your hair be tow?
 Your golden ducats gleam and glow.
 And though *your* structure may be lean,
 With plenty all your coffers teem.
 My little maids, be calm and bold,
 The modern lover's bought and sold.
 At your sweet will, for woe or weal,
 Shall sound the joyous wedding peal.

For woe or weal? For weal or woe?
 My little maids, 'tis sometimes so.
 And, if the secret I must tell,
 That ringing, swinging, golden bell
 Too often sounds a wedding knell.

H. M. P.

A MATTER OF CUSTOM.

A COMPARISON of the manners and customs of various European nations discloses many interesting facts, among which the following is by no means the least:

When a person afflicted with the influenza so far loses control of himself as to sneeze in society, the Italian will bow gracefully, wave his hand politely in front of him, and ejaculate, *Salute*.

Under similar circumstances the Spaniard will appear slightly pained, doff his sombrero, and exclaim, *Con dios*.

The Frenchman, that politest of beings, will cry, *A vos souhaits, Monsieur!* with an air of great concern.

The Turk will salaam as gracefully as his rather cumbrous dress will permit.

The Teuton will invoke the blessing of God upon you, and the Englishman will shout, *Bless me, what a d—n bad cold you 've got!*

REPORTS from Turkey state that the Sultan is in an unprecedented condition of amiability, and is pardoning a large number of offenders.

It was a missionary work on the part of our Government to send Mr. Cox to the Sublime Porte.

GETTING EVEN.

WIFE: What do you think, my dear? That young Mrs. De Hobson actually snubbed me at the party last night.

HUSBAND: Is it possible! What did you do?

WIFE: I snubbed old Mrs. Jenkins.

TRAGEDY!

HE was wrapped in slumber. She saw him there
 And flew to where he lay.
 And when upon his cheek her burning lips
 Were pressed in ecstasy, with one fell blow
 He swept her from his couch, and at his side,
 A helpless, quivering, mangled bleeding thing,
 He saw her die. Hic jacet mosquito!

Arthur Penfield.

BRIDGET (who has been sent to crack some nuts in preparation for Mrs. Blank's little dinner party to be held during the evening, enters with a few badly cracked upon a plate): An' indade, Missus Blank, Oi 'll lose me place befor' Oi break me tathe a-crackin' any more of thim nuts. Me jaw's all lame now, as it is, so it is.



THE ENGLISHMAN'S IF.

YOU can always tell a Sassenach,
No matter where he's picked,
Because he never, never knows
Just when he's licked.

You may fight him on the land or sea,
With boxing-gloves or skiffs,
And when he's beaten out of sight
He always has his IFS.

"IF there'd been more or less of wind,"
Or "IF the sky'd been blue,"
The cup, be sure, oh, General Paine,
Would not belong to you.

And IF the peerless Boston boat
Had ne'er been built, why then
She certainly could not have left
Behind the boat of Henn.



THE AMERICAN OLIVE.

N. B.—THE GREATER PORTION OF THE OLIVE OIL CONSUMED
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD IS MANUFACTURED OUT OF CIN-
CINNATI LARD.—*Commercial Report.*

THE excitement in Charleston may still be said to be
in-tents.

IT took four columns of the New York *Herald* to describe
a race that did not come off.

THE recently abdicated Alexander referred to the Czar as
"your August majesty."

His Autocratic Majesty soon convinced the Potentatelet that
the term was not seasonable.

NEWPORT is very jealous of the name conferred upon
her neighbor, Narragansett Peer.

THE latest designation for chestnuts is "Scotts," a deli-
cate allusion, doubtless, to the "Tales of a Grand-
father."

OUR contemporary, *Town Topics*, claims a weekly cir-
culation of 18,564 copies. Although this is not
sworn to, we are inclined to believe it. Ill weeds grow apace,
especially in the soil upon which our contemporary seems to
have founded its being.

THOSE who deny the possibility of perpetual motion
have never lived in a house where there are small
boys.

THE arrest of George W. Alters Jaehne's prospects
considerably.

DAVID B. HILL, Governor of New York, should be on
the underground wire Commission.

If there is one thing in which David B. Hill, Governor of
New York, is an adept, it is the business of burying wires.

GERONIMO should be given more rope.

LIEUT. HENN can take consolation from the thought
that hens never could crow anyhow.

AN APPEAL TO TENNYSON.

IT is a melancholy fact that the crop of poets for the last
two years has been unprecedentedly large. Indeed, we
cannot now walk the streets without running foul of a count-
ess number of gentlemen and ladies who are afflicted with
the divine afflatus, and who cannot find any relief therefrom.
Versification, it may be safely affirmed, is epidemic, and unless
some of our great rhymesters will consent to sacrifice them-
selves for the good of their fellow-men, the outlook, in this
country particularly, is most gloomy.

Lord Tennyson, were he a public-spirited laureate, would
be the man to make this sacrifice. His is an extreme case
of Prosophobia, and in the hands of a literary Pasteur we
doubt not he could furnish the wherewithal to inoculate the
many sufferers from the attacks of the muses and avert the
calamitous condition of affairs, which, as one of the poetic guild
remarked in a recent poem, "is staring us in the face like a
ship tossed upon the calm bosom of the boundless west."

We must acknowledge that the above metaphor was pro-
duced in a moment of the poet's extreme madness, but even
as an exception to the rule it goes to prove that something
ought to be done, and "if it were done when 'tis done, then
it were well 't were done quickly," as William Bacon has
remarked.

Will the Lord Tennyson, Baron d'Eyncourt and Chief Lord
of Her Majesty's Rhymester, make the sacrifice we ask of him?

George W. Me.



AN IDEA.

Cholly: I SAY, BOYS, SINCE SHE HAS REFUSED ALL THREE OF US INDIVIDUALLY I SAY WE FOLLOW HER HOME AND TRY IT AS A BODY. SHE COULDN'T RESIST US.

BOOKISHNESS

"A PHANTOM LOVER."

THAT very bright, yet somewhat morbid young woman, known to the book-world as Vernon Lee, has written a fantastic story which she calls "A Phantom Lover," (Roberts Bros). It is so easy to fail in creating the illusion that a wild absurdity might really have happened in this every-day, modern world! And yet this sketch of little more than one hundred pages raises in regions of grotesque fancy a very real and substantial phantom. When the tale is ended, one gradually realizes that what seemed so fantastic, might have happened without a single law of mind or matter having been set aside. Indeed, the most confirmed materialist could believe in the tragedy which overtook the *Okes of Okehurst*.

* * *

IT is in one sense a peculiarly ingenious study of morbid mental conditions. The strikingly original feature of it is to develop madness in a man who seems the embodiment of physical health and mental soundness. In strange contrast

with the brawny English squire, is his visionary, almost hysterical wife, who is in love with the poet-lover, who had been murdered by her prototype two centuries before. The reader apprehends that here is a proper victim for madness. But in the end one sees that her strange delusion, while on the borderland, is still within the boundaries of sanity. It is only intensified idealism springing from a finely and delicately organized nervous system. There have been poets, full as mad as the eccentric *Mrs. Oke*.

* * *

IT is, however, as a literary, rather than a psychological feat, that this fantasy is most admirable. The narrator is supposed to be an artist, and the whole tale is told from the artistic standpoint. It is a succession of vivid pictures, with those touches of shadow and color which always appeal to an artist's eye. There is also shown fine discrimination in grouping characters and objects. The background is always effective, the composition is good, and the atmosphere can be felt.

A clever artist could paint without further instructions "*Mrs. Oke* standing with the brownish-yellow wall as a background to her white brocade dress, which, in its stiff, seventeenth century make, seemed to bring out more clearly the slighthness, the exquisite suppleness of her tall figure."

Every adjective in that brief sentence counts for a color, a line, or a pose that is immediately suggested to the mental vision of the reader.

TO make one's vocabulary as effective as a well-set palette, to blend words as colors are blended, to raise the vision of an evanescent tint by a commonplace adjective—that is the true literary art of description. That Vernon Lee has this skill in an unusual degree is shown by the following color-phrases: "The dark green compact hop-fields, with the blue and hazy tree-tops of the horizon getting bluer and more hazy as the yellow light began to graze the ground." "The wind blew in our faces, and bent the ragged, warped, bluish tops of the firs." "That sanguine sunset, washing like a sea of blood over the heather." "The white mists rose from the Park land, and the rooks formed long black lines on the palings." And last of all that brief picture of the coming of a storm in the heavy air: "All around there arose a shrill, quavering bleating of lambs and calling of sheep, *while the wind began to catch the topmost branches of the trees.*"

Such strong simplicity of phrase is in marked contrast with the high-sounding weather bulletins which Miss Murfree has of late issued for the Tennessee mountain region.

WE have dwelt at length on the picturesque quality of Vernon Lee's style, because realism seems to have almost destroyed, in our writers, the eye for color. We have almost forgotten that we live in a beautiful world, while analyzing the ugly and commonplace people who dwell in it.

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

HELPING HIMSELF, or Grant Thornton's Ambition. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

A White Heron and other stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Romantic Young Lady. By Robert Grant. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Boys' Book of Sports. Edited by Maurice Thompson. New York: The Century Co.

Gymnastic table ware—Glass tumblers.

INSCRIPTION for a chestnut bell—"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

THE Queen's second lot of Leaves from the Highlands has been translated into Gaelic.

It is expected that they will be issued in good English likewise, in the course of years. It is not true that Her Majesty is a regular contributor to *Punch*.

AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

FIRST GENT: Let's return. Miss Oltherage has begun to sing.

SECOND GENT: Thanks; rawther be excused.

FIRST GENT: What! Refuse homage to the Belle of the Ball?

SECOND GENT: Not at all; it's the bawl of the Belle I have no homage for.

ON THE PIAZZA.

ENGAGED.

ALL the week she has sat, from morning till eve,
With a far-away look on her face,
Complained of the dullness, and threatened to leave,
And remarked, now and then, that she couldn't conceive
Why people should come to the place.

But a change has to-day come over her, quite:
She is blithe as a robin in spring,
And she's put on her filmiest gown of pure white,
All in honor of him who is coming to-night—
O, love is a marvelous thing.

WEDDED.

ALL the week she has waltzed and flirted and smiled
In that charmingly feminine way
That sets both the young men and old men just wild—
As sage as a matron, as gay as a child—
She's the belle of the house, so they say.

But a change has to-day come over her, quite,
And her laughter is lacking its ring;
She's a headache—feels stupid—is not very bright—
The fact is, her husband is coming to-night.
Wedded life's a curious thing.

C. S. W.

IN PLAYFUL MOOD.

POVERTY, the skinny hag, has her favorite children and her playful moods. Of all her moods the playful is wickedest—of all her children the favorites unhappiest. She dandles her darlings—because she loves them so—without saddle, or any kind of interposition whatever, upon her boniest knee, and laughs the echoes of the painful gayety she invokes.

I came in to-night as light of heart as of pocket. In my soul was song. I caroled of love! *Love!* Did not the sweetest maid of all the town smile upon me from her window as I plodded by? And I hastened onward impatient to indite my swelling song.

Letters three awaited me—the first from Snip; tailor Snip, whose pockets reek with ill-gotten gains; for, oh Snip, do not the knees of the trousers for which I promise to pay you bag? Do not your coats get shiny, napless, and buttonless? Answer me, good Snip, if these charges be not true?

The second missive—an elaborate card:

You are invited to inspect the new vestibule, doors, etc., and vaults of THE HANMATTAN SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT COMPANY.

Present this card to the officer in charge.

What better evidence is required that the skinny hag has her playful moods! She fetters her favorites to barren rocks and bids them eat; mockingly implores them to slay her, and places the only weapon so fashioned as to reach her vitals under double lock and key! Thus doth mythological history indulge in repetition and the skinny hag in playful mood.

The superscription of the third epistle sent a tingling thrill from heart to finger-tips—for, O eyes of Love! did I

NOT TO BE DE-
SPISED.

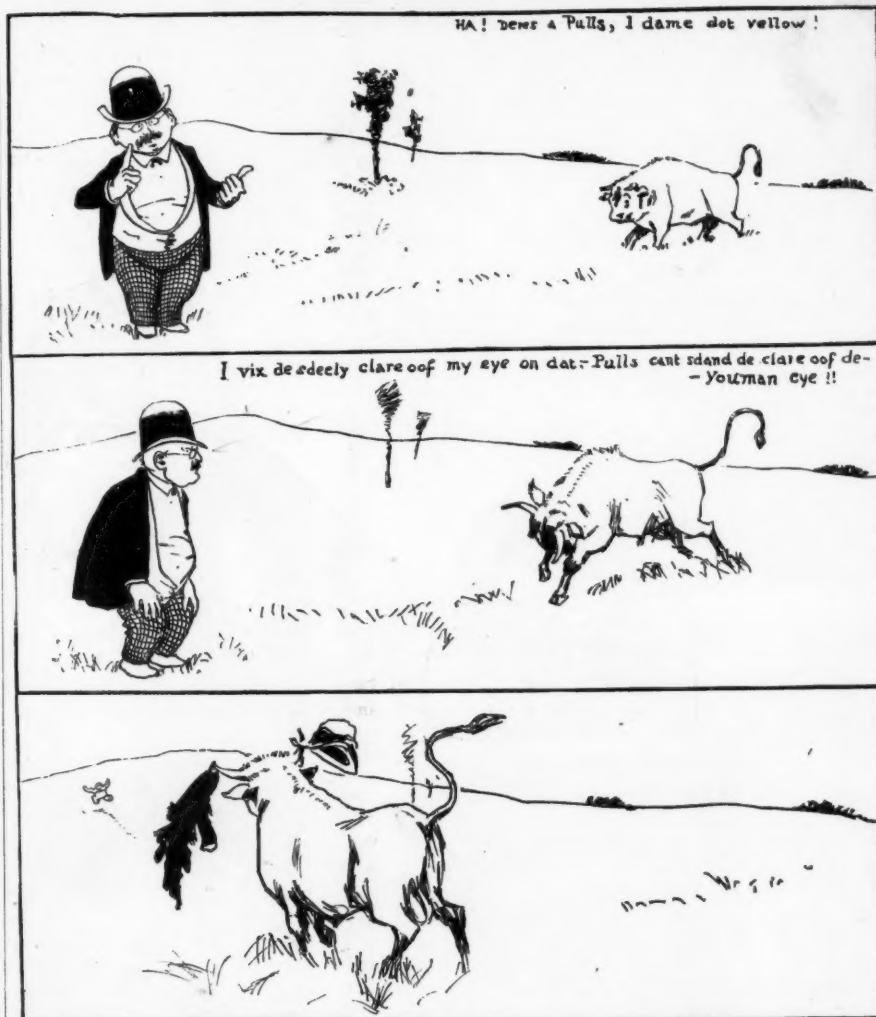
BOSTON HOSTESS
(to young man visiting from the west): We Boston people, Mr. Breezy, are laughed at a good deal for being so partial to beans, but we don't mind it.

WESTERN YOUNG MAN (gallantly): No, indeed, I would n't if I were you, Mrs. Waldo. Beans are a very valuable product. Father, who knows as much about such matters as anybody in southern Illinois, says they are even better than corn to fatten hogs with.

ALL IN THE DARK.

A BRAKEMAN in the employ of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company is a very obliging person, and thoughtful withal.

An excursion party, which included many young men and women, recently made the trip from Albany to Lake George, and as the train would near a tunnel, of which there are a good many on the line, he would call out in stentorian tones: "Gents, choose your partners for the tunnel."



POWER OF THE MIND.

not recognize the chirography of my beloved? Could sputter of pen, or paleness of ink, or anything that is or is not, render unrecognizable its tender touches of originality? No — though blind — so blind that the blazing lamp of day illumined not the darkness on mine eyes — even then should I see, and know to be hers, the handwriting of my beloved! *Avaunt, Poverty!* Wealth — wealth untold have I! 'Tis hoarded not in Safety Deposit Vaults — *my* wealth — nor bolts nor bars defend it. 'Tis Love! the Love that's safe from fire, flood and robber-hand within the twining tendrils of the heart of my beloved!

I broke the seal — it seemed still warm from the hand that pressed it. Indulged by fancy and licensed by tender recollection I kissed that hand, and read:

GENTLE, HONEST LOVER:—*I bid thee last farewell. Blame not my heart, but me. An' thou wouldst not be so just—then—blame thyself—thy poverty.*

P. S.—*Ma bids me add, in larger letters than the preceding italics,* DON'T HANG AROUND.

O skinny hag! O playful mood! When I'm taken from the river whose waves rock to sweet sleep — laugh! laugh as of yore; as when you dandled me on your knee! Laugh, and inscribe on the board at my lowly head the while you laugh — "TO DIE, O MAN! IS PASSING PAIN, BUT POVERTY IS INTERMINABLE ANGUISH." B. Zim.

HAD HEARD IT BEFORE.

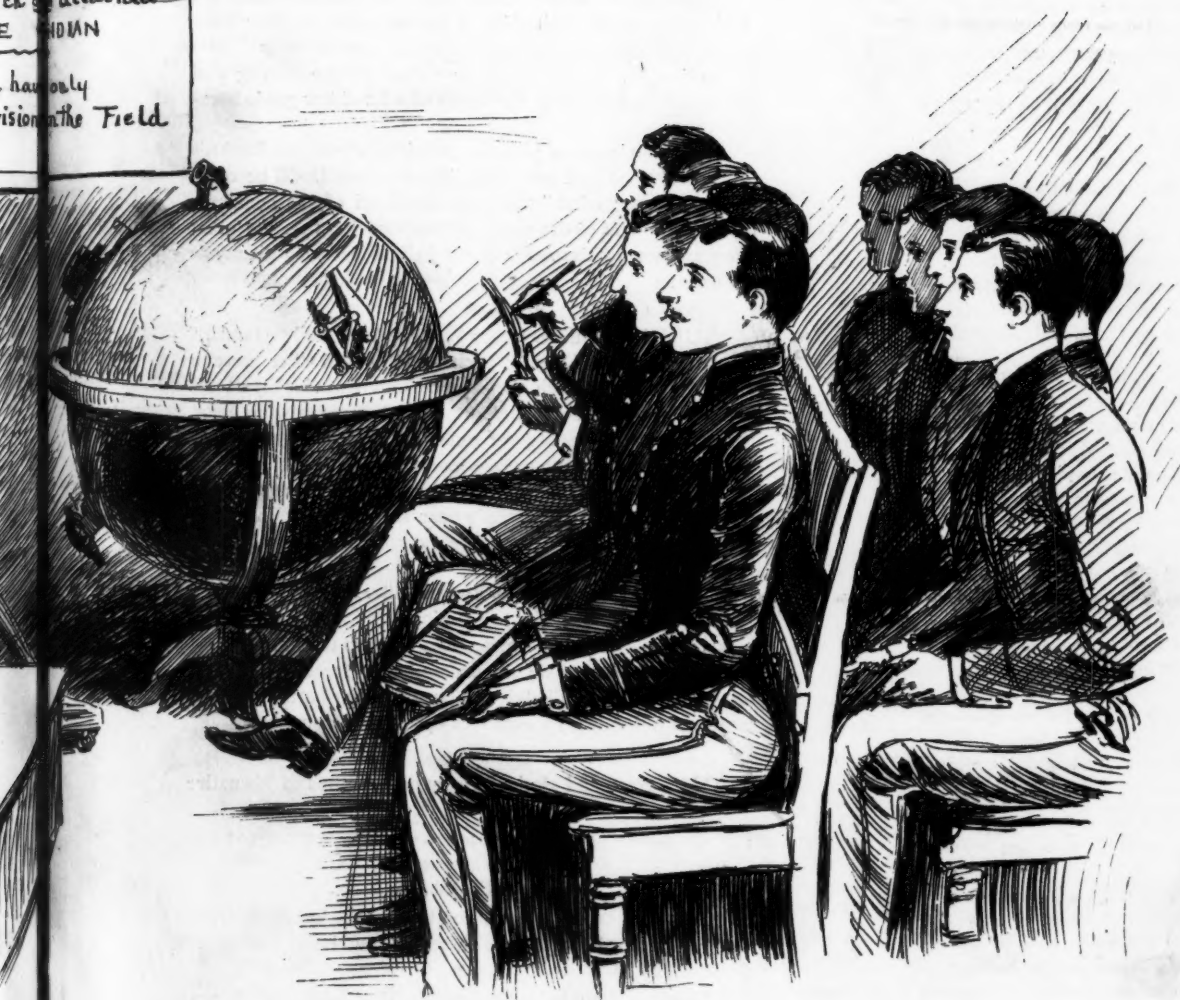
MAIDEN LADY (to her pet parrot): Pretty Polly! Polly have a —
POLLY (who has heard of the latest invention): Ting-ting!



A SUGGESTION AS TO GERONI

LIFE

PROBLEM:
ch of detached
E INDIAN
have only
vision in the Field



S TO GERONIMO'S FUTURE.

WE PLAYED ALONE.

BLEW the summer breezes gently,
While the pasteboard battle waged,
Scarce we minded, so intently
With the game we were engaged.
Ah! she seemed a queenly beauty,
Fit to win a god's regards,
(I forgot a partner's duty)
As the captain dealt the cards.

As I gazed their pictured faces
Mirrored back her image still,
All confused were kings and aces
Mingling in a wild quadrille—
Till, as from enchanted distance
Came her pure and cultured tone,
(Scorning all my weak assistance)
"Diamonds, trump; I play alone."

* * * * *

Blew the autumn breezes gently,
As we sat upon the sands,
While the billows impudently
Cast their spray upon her hands.
Ah! she seemed a goddess, surely,
Proper theme for tuneful bards,
(Glancing downward so demurely)
While sly Cupid dealt the cards.

Then I told in tender fashion,
While the sea looked on and smiled,
How my strong, consuming passion,
Thoughts of other maids exiled.
How I loved to madness—nearly;
But she spake in cultured tone,
(Scorning my two thousand yearly)
"Diamonds, trump; I play alone."

Straight I rushed to dissipation,
Madly trod its widest range,
Then I turned to speculation,
While my luck was wondrous strange.
Thousands upon thousands piling,
Nought my upward course retards,
(Yielding to my fond beguiling)
Goddess Fortune dealt the cards.

* * * * *

Yes, I saw her at the angle
Of the stair-case, baiting Brown,
She's a lovely throat—to strangle,
And her cheek is showing down.
Did you say she looked? Appealing?
Well, I'm sorry, I must own,
(There has been another dealing)
"Diamonds, trump; I play alone."

CROWDING THEM.

CITIZEN (to bartender): What effect does this closing
on Sunday have on your business?

BARTENDER: It gives us too much to do Saturday night.



MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT is a gentleman whose presence is always a pleasure to the theatre-going public of New York. The fact that he, almost alone of our American actors, combines the manager with the actor has given him a deservedly high place in the estimation of New York audiences, who have grown decidedly tired of "star" performances where the leading light does all the shining and leaves the accessories in the hands of a lot of low grade barnstormers.

There is always a pleasing certainty about Mr. Barrett's representations that no detail, however small, will be overlooked by the "mind" that is at the head of the company, and it is evident to the most careless observer that the great impersonator of *Cassius* does not believe in setting diamonds in brass.

* * *

DURING the three weeks past we have had "Hamlet," "Yorick's Love," "Richard III.," and other more or less familiar plays which Mr. Barrett comprises in his repertoire.

By all means the most important, and, as regards this actor, least familiar of these to our public, was *Hamlet*, which was played throughout with a grace and dignity worthy of the part. Occasionally Mr. Barrett's faults protruded themselves, and he at times came dangerously near sacrificing art for effect, but upon the whole he may be ranked as one of the best *Hamlets* of our time.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Barrett will not leave us without giving us the opportunity to see him as *Rienzi*, in which part his abilities as actor and manager are put to the full test.

The best criticism we can make upon the rest of the company is, that so well did they sustain their parts that in no instance did they lay themselves open to criticism.

* * *

THE great and glorious Dixey has returned to his native land, and to quote the old song:

In spite of all temp-ta-heshuns
To belong to other na-heshuns,
He's not English, you know.

There may be some confusion in the lines just quoted, but who can regard Mr. Dixey's career without being confused

* * *

ERMINIE still holds the boards at the Casino, and Messrs. Daboll and Wilson continue to elicit the most uproarious hilarity night after night as "*Caddy*" and "*Ravvy*."

The report that Mr. Daboll has an idea that Mr. Irving will recognize in him his long lost twin brother by the strawberry marks on his walk and voice is denied.

GALLANTRY.

OLD Mr. Snooks is an inveterate wag. He lives at a large boarding house on West 14th street. In the same house live a couple of young dry goods clerks. They are both of the genus dude, and affect an air of extreme and feminine languor which Mr. Snooks declares makes him sick at his stomach.

The other morning, just after Mr. Snooks had taken his seat at the breakfast table, the two young exquisites lolled into the room and sank into their chairs.

"Geawge," drawled one of them to the waiter, "wait on us immediately."

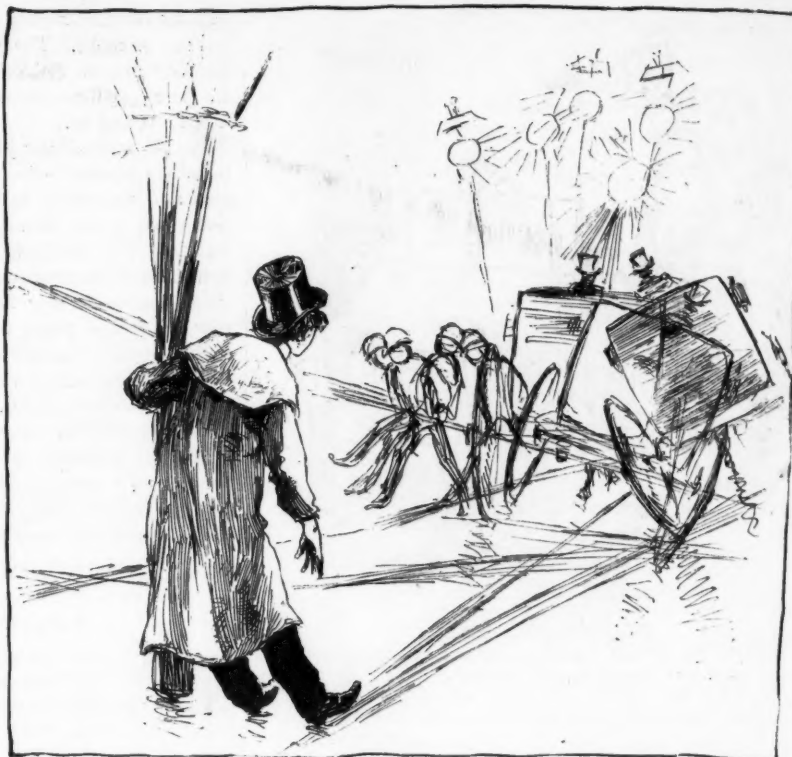
"But," said the waiter, "Mr. Snooks was in ahead of you, sir; I'm waiting on him."

"Weah in a huhwy, Geawge, and must be waited on!"

In despair, George turned to Mr. Snooks. "What shall I do, sir?"

"George!" said Snooks, severely and audibly, "always wait on the ladies first!"

The dudes now express the opinion that Mr. Snooks is a coarse, brutal man—"sells potatoes on Chambahs street, y'know."



SINGULAR ANTICS OF A CAB IN UNION SQUARE, 1 A. M., AS SEEN BY YOUNG MR. VANDERSMELT.

TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING!

"HERE'S TO HEROD."

IT is a strange and inexplicable fact that, as soon as the average American female comes into the possession of an infant, she, together with the infant, spends most of her available time in traveling in the "steam cars."

Carefully taken statistics show that in a series of ten journeys of fifty miles each, the smallest number of infants of a yellable age was four to each car, and the highest average, eleven.

How seldom you make a railway journey nowadays without having in the seat directly in front of you a bedraggled and perspiring female bearing over her shoulder a diabolical kid. The child hangs in a helpless way over the back of the seat and stares at you in a half surprised, half idiotic manner. He is permeated with an odor which resembles a combination of sour milk and roses. He is plentifully supplied with hiccoughs and strange internal rumblings, with now and then a noise like a pump that refuses to "suck." His nose runs copiously, and he is alternately drooling, making bubbles or frothing at the mouth. In other respects he is also like all other infants; he has the same faint down on his head, the same bulging forehead, goggle-blue eyes, baggy cheeks, zero-

shaped mouth and the same pug nose without the faintest trace of a bridge. His head seems but partially attached to his body, and rolls helplessly about as though it might drop off at any moment. And there the thing hangs, staring blankly at you.

Two women in the seat behind you lean forward cooing at it, and remark that it is "*such* a dear, just too sweet for anything!" and then an elderly female over the way screws her face up at it and says "Tooty-tooty, googy-googy!" and still another observes that it is "*such* a handsome child!" and wants to know if "he is a boy or girl?" The mother of the enigma swells with pride, and smiling until the clasps of her upper set of teeth glisten in the sunlight replies that "he is a girl," and moreover, that he is as good as he is beautiful and "never, never cries," whereupon the little fiend in question opens its mouth like a tomb door, opens it so wide that the whole upper half of its face goes over to the back of its head, and proceeds to yell loud enough to wake the dead of the antipodes.

That such a diminutive, weak, and helpless creature can make such an astounding noise, and keep it up hour after hour without taking breath, is truly remarkable; no grown man, however powerful, can begin to do it, and it seems truly a pity that all this wind and power—enough to drive a mill or a



BACHELOR'S HALL.

SAY, I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANY USE IN MAKING UP THIS BED TO-NIGHT. I WAS SLEEPING MIGHTY COMFORTABLE WHEN I WAS AROUSED THIS MORNING AT FIVE O'CLOCK, AND I DON'T SEE BUT THAT EVERYTHING IS JUST AS I LEFT IT THEN.

factory — cannot be utilized in some way or other, instead of wasting its sweetness on the desert air.

Meanwhile the yelling goes on superbly. The mother does not seem to mind it particularly, and only makes faint efforts to stop it by dancing the child on her knee, the only result being the addition of a rhythm to the howling. At last, however, a bottle of milk is produced, and six inches of hose

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

HUSBAND: What were you and old Mrs. Smith talking so earnestly about?

WIFE: Oh, nothing in particular; simply one thing and another.

HUSBAND: I see. She talked about one thing and you talked about another.

MORE LIKELY TO FIT.

FAT OLD LADY (*in dry-goods store*): I will look at your dress goods.

CLERK: Yes, ma'am. Something in double width?

A PLEASURE IN STORE FOR HIM.

SHE (*at a musicale*): Are you an admirer of Beethoven, Mr. Hobson?

HE: Well—er—yes. I admire his music very much, but I have never met Beethoven himself.

turned down the throat of the patient, who, perforce, has to stop howling or choke. The milk, however, disagrees with it so seriously that we make a break for the smoking car, and as we pass, overhear the words "horrid man" from the two females behind us.

We do most of our journeying nowadays in that perambulating Gehenna — the smoking car — we and the drunken men and the string of convicts going to the State asylum, and when in the silence of the train's stoppages we hear through the closed doors and intervening cars the noise of a faint though ceaseless squalling, we hug ourselves for joy and thank heaven for our bachelorhood, and more particularly thank a certain young female with Italian sunset hair, who, in the long ago, laboring under the impression that she could do better, gave us a very decided "no," a "no" that has saved us endless miseries, saved us probably from a degeneration so great that we might have been seen at this day wandering hopelessly about the gardens of the poor-house pushing an "emergency perambulator" * before us, dressed in a soft felt hat, a long frock coat, a blue cravat, and attended by a string of chil —, but, no! the picture is too horrible!

R. K.

* A perambulator of extra width for twins.

THE SADDEST THING.

WE read sad things from the poet's pen;
Our hearts are moved by the artist's brush;
But the saddest thing to many men,
Is drawing one card to a bob-tailed flush.

Tom Masson.

A GENUINE CURIOSITY.

VISITOR (*to dime museum freak*): Are you the Wild Man of the Woods?

FREAK: No, sir; I am the man who never says I want to know.

VISITOR (*astonished*): I want to know?



OH! DEAR ALDERMAN, WILL YOU HELP ME TO GET INTO ANY HUMBLE POSITION—OF COURSE, I WAS BORN AND EDUCATED IN AMERICA, BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT. WELL, BEDAD, AND THE CHEEK O' YEZ! THER'S NOT ENOUGH OFFICES FOR OURSILVES!



EDITORIAL WARFARE.

"YOU know I called you a liar in last week's *Bung*," said one Dakota editor to another, "and said that in your cowardly attack on my paper and the county officers you were simply trying to force the board to give you some of the county printing."

"Yes, I noticed it."

"Well, the board braced up and gave me fifteen dollars worth of extra work."

"That's pretty good. You remember that I referred to you as a sneak thief, and said you were standing in with a corrupt county government simply to assist in plundering the people, in the last issue of the *Bung*?"

"Yes."

"I got seven new subscribers on the strength of that—they said they were taxpayers, and wanted to support a paper that was not afraid to fight the ring."

"Glad to hear it—I guess we'll manage to pull through in this country. Say, you call me a 'cowardly, cringing whelp' this week, and I'll threaten to shoot you on sight, and perhaps we can work the dear people for a few more dollars."—*Estelline Bell*.

The hot weather has a dreadfully enervating and exhausting effect on Fetherwate. He emerged from the club the other evening and feebly beckoned a hansom.

"Aw, dwi-vaw," he said, "have you a good haws?"

"Yes, sir," responded the driver, "first-class, sir."

"Aw," gasped Fetherwate, "then dwive me to next doaw."—*Town Topics*.

"YOUNG man," said the village editor severely, to the aspiring poet who had brought in one of his latest efforts for publication, "this poem on 'Lucy's Charms' is not bad as a whole, but that second verse beginning, 'Her eyes, my soul! Her eyes!' is certainly a most flagrant plagiarism. You'll find that in any Methodist hymn book." *Chicago Tribune*.

A CINCINNATI DUEL.

FIRST EDITOR: Did you mean to infer by your article of yesterday that I was a —, —, —, —?

SECOND EDITOR: No, sir! I meant to say that you were a —, —, —, —!

FIRST EDITOR: All right, sir. I only wanted to get at the facts of the case. — *Tid-Bits*.

KENTUCKY CLIENT: It's too bad, too bad! The reason I lost my case was because you indulged in too much airy persiflage before the jury.

KENTUCKY LAWYER: Airy persiflage? What are you talking about? It was nothing but the best bourbon, and, what's more, I don't believe the jury saw me taking it, either. — *Tid-Bits*.

MILWAUKEE has a summer school of philosophy which is now in session discussing the "Henceness of the Wherefore and the Correlative Tooness of the Absolute Utter." The relation which these burning questions bear to the price of beer is of urgent importance to every citizen of Milwaukee. — *Philadelphia Press*.

ICI L'ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

MR. MOULD: Let the trunk remain here and I'll come back for it! CHEF DE GARE: Je n'comprends pas, M'sieur!

MRS. MOULD: Try him in Latin, my love.

MR. MOULD: All right. Look here, Mossoo—Requiescat in pace, resurgam!

CHEF DE GARE: Ah! parfaitement? Que ca reste ici, et puis, vous reviendrez! — *London Punch*.

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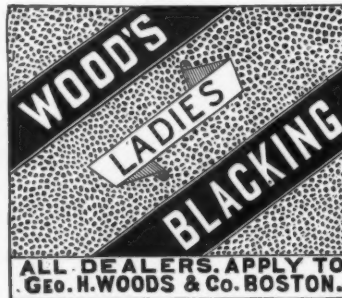


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A BIG SPLINTER.

THE Hon. Tim Tarsney, M. C., from one of the Michigan lumber districts, has had some rare experiences among his muscular constituents. At one time, when he was 'Squire Tarsney, he made an enemy, and the fellow made dire threats against his personal safety. "I'll show him," he said, shaking his fist and gritting his teeth dangerously. "Do it," urged his partner; "he ain't nothin' but a splinter, nohow." "You bet I will," said the fellow, and he went off after Tim. In about an hour he returned, looking like he had been caught in a threshing machine. "Hello, Bill," said his friend, "what the devil's the matter?" "Darn your fool soul," he replied, "didn't you tell me Tim Tarsney wasn't no mor'n a splinter nohow?" "Course I did; an' he ain't!" "Ain't he?" said the other man scornfully. "Ain't he? Well, you tackle him once, an' you'll find out mighty darn quick that he's a saw-log with bark on. Go get the doctor."

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Harper's Magazine for September.

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REPORTER (*looking for items*): Anything new or fresh this morning in the railroad line?

RAILROAD OFFICIAL (*thoughtfully*): H'm—let me see—yes, that paint you are leaning against is new and fresh. It was only put on this morning.
New York Sun.

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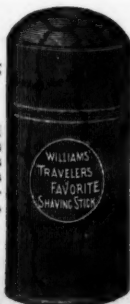
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